Lay me to rest

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Lay me to rest

by CrazyEyesChick

Summary

Due to Jack’s constant asking of looking at horrid crime scenes, Will finally reaches his limit. He is tired, sore and tense. Obviously, nothing Dr Lecter can’t fix when it partakes to his favorite patient during their next meeting. This time, Hannibal will get a bit more intimate when fixing poor Will Graham. Sexy times will ensue! Based during season 1.

Notes

Heya peeps

Sorry I haven't worked on my other stories, but I had this idea in my head for a while and wanted to share it. XD it was supposed to be a one shot..Oh well, it will be a 4 chapter story! Beta'ed by my Super Cini!

See the end of the work for more notes

Unorthodox

AY ME DOWN TO REST

CHAPTER 1: UNORTHODOX

‘Hello Will’ was the greeting that emerged from knocking upon Dr. Lecter’s office door.

‘Hey’ replied the FBI profiler. Exhausted, he nodded his acknowledgement to this greeting and walking past his psychiatrist he headed straight to his usual seat.

Hannibal closed the door and joined him in the largely lit room, ready for their usual therapy session. In a strange enticing way, Hannibal found that he enjoyed his conversations with Will. It was hard to find someone remotely interesting and captivating; someone he would not get bored of. Will Graham was the exception. This made him want to possess him in every way.

‘Rough day at the office, was it?’ stated the doctor while pouring Will a glass of Whisky.

Although he didn’t like to indulge his regular patients with alcohol during therapy sessions Will and himself had grown accustomed to this particular habit. Besides, who was he to deny William a little liquid courage in exchange for a glimpse of his mind? Will was certainly not his official patient after all.

The teacher graciously accepted the drink and took it in his hands while displaying a slight quirk of the lips.

‘You have no idea…I- just can’t seem to get a good grasp on this killer’s motive…but well...’

He did not have to continue for Hannibal to know how he would finish his sentence.

‘…but Uncle Jack has you cornered and wants answers.’ The therapist finally took a seat in his big leather chair and was now quite comfortable with his own drink in hand. He frowned at Jack’s persistent endeavors to snatch the killers. It was by far definitely an irritating habit. However, he couldn’t help but appreciate the extra push it provided for Will to rely further upon him.

‘Yeah…’ said Will while slowly moving his head in hopes of releasing some of the tension that had accumulated there.

‘And how does that make you feel?’ inquired Hannibal, knowing precisely what answer he was after.

Will’s expression slowly changed into a smirk, mimicking Hannibal’s own satisfied expression, and he answered ‘Honestly?’ He paused while rubbing his neck ‘Pissed off...annoyed, any word in the English language that conveys irritation... Perhaps I possess the slightest hope that one day someone will give him a taste of his own medicine. Sadly though, I can’t place him at fault for practicing his own job.’’

Will was aware that this sounded like what a psychopath would say. Thinking like a murderer for a living sometimes brought upon him these strange and irrational thoughts. It didn’t mean that he would actually do it, the killing, even though the majority of the professionals within the psychiatry department would consider his mental instability in a different light.

‘Jack’s job is to capture offenders and to place them behind bars, not to mistreat and abuse his employees. Dear Will, you must not let him affect you. This could only have negative impacts upon your well-being’ reprimanded the psychiatrist. Will took a sip of his Whisky and deliberately avoided to make eye contact.

Sometimes, his dear patient was simply like an open book, a children's book that was simply too easy to read. Aversion to eye contact and clear avoidance of the subject, his concern for Will’s well being clearly made the man uncomfortable. Perfect, this meant that his plans were beginning to flourish. Dr. Hannibal Lecter knew all about men like Will. They are men who are not familiar with the notion of people caring for them, or paying attention to their needs. If Will only knew how much this man thought and obsessed over him. Putting an end to his musings, he returned his focus towards his patient. Seeing Will squirming in his seat suddenly brought up a spark of excitement, ‘Oh my dear William might come to me much sooner than I had expected.

He bit the inside of his mouth in anticipation. Suddenly, an idea popped into his head. One he would come to savour.

‘ William, have you had any sleep lately?’ asked the doctor quite casually.

‘Uh well…you know me,’ Will choked back a dry laugh, ‘I rarely get any these days. The nightmares are more frequent and the stress prevents me from applying myself to my work correctly.

‘Why, is it that obvious?’ The special FBI agent was wary of offending his friend. He knew how much his interlocutor appreciated proper etiquette.

‘Once you walked in, I simply could not help myself from noticing that there was a strain upon you baring from your tired expression.’

‘Yeah well, nothing I can do to prevent that. U-unless you have a drug that can help me relax….’ he looked at his friend almost pleadingly, but shaking off a faint awkward laugh.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow and tilted his head. Slowly, he made his way towards this, no… his unsuspecting mongoose. Will, who was now following Lecter’s movement like a mesmerized hawk, raised his hands in dismissal

‘I-I...was joking...’ he whispered quietly. Sometimes, he swore Dr. Lecter forgot how intimidating, yet intriguing he could be around him. It didn’t stop Will from admiring this man’s form.

Oh! How he found the doctor elegant; he could watch him pace for hours without getting tired of it! Hannibal Lecter’s stance commended power and respect.

More than once, Will had found himself wishing to be as openly in control of his movements and as tall as this man. The Doctor's presence had a calming and almost numbing effect upon his turbulent mind. For this, Will was forever grateful. He stopped gazing upon the Doctor, once the man had disappeared behind his chair. Suddenly, with this man standing behind him, he began to feel uneasy and vulnerable, but why? He knew he had nothing to fear.

'I trust him with my life, so why am I so nervous?'

Unconsciously, Will clutched the rough fabric of his jeans. Meanwhile, Dr. Lecter displayed his usual straight and erect posture. Slowly, Hannibal was allowing the sweet feverish scent that is Will, to enter his sensitive nostrils which lead to a sudden invigorating of all his senses. The effect was maddening. What was more surprising to him though was the physical reaction which resulted from inhaling his partner's fear and discomfort. He found that his penis was eagerly pushing for attention against his suit pants. Intriguing... He wanted to see how far he could explore this new stimulation without scaring his prey. His prolonged silence probably helped in making his dearest friend feel uncomfortable. With the usual assurance behind all his movements, Hannibal placed his large hands upon Will's now taut shoulders.

Will jerked back and with a weak trembling voice decided to break the silence.

'Dr. Lecter?'

'Ah, please forgive my musings dear Will' replied Dr. Lecter who was now slowly reinforcing his grip on his partner's flesh, 'I was merely thinking...'

'I-It's al-right' confirmed the rigid man who was now straining to contain the moans that were threatening to escape. He was surprised at the magic that Dr. Lecter's hands worked upon his body. Shivers crawled through his spine and up to his head. This was only making matters worse. It seemed that Doctor Lector noticed his flight response which arose from this unexpected touch.

Ignoring Will's delicious response, Hannibal went on with his now convincingly brilliant idea.

‘My distraction was solely caused by your situation and my worries for you. I was thinking that perhaps your body and mind could benefit from massage therapy. Your body’s hormones would work much more effectively than any drugs, I can assure you.’ Hannibal knew that endorphins would not only relax his host, they were also efficient in increasing his friend’s humor facing different types of….situations. An... intimate relationship with Will’s body would provide plenty of relief for both their vivid minds.

Will’s head perked up at the notion of massage therapy; even more so when he felt the heat caused by the tension in his shoulders dissipate. However, he was hesitant. He knew from his previous encounters with Dr. Lecter what his friend’s next suggestion would be. However, he preferred to be subtle about his suspicion.

‘Ah! I guess... I am not quite optimistic though… is there anyone you would recommend? Anyhow, I doubt I would be very comfortable with anyone that close to my skin.’

‘Will, I am well aware of your aversion to physical contact.’ Hannibal spoke the words easily, well aware of what to say. “However, this would be a natural and effective way for you to alleviate all this tension. This is why I recommend that you aim for someone with whom you are already comfortable with. Someone you trust, someone whose… presence is familiar to you...”

Surely, the good Doctor Lecter was not referring to… ‘Get your mind out of the gutter Will! Dr. Lecter is not that kind of man.’

Shortly, his brain supplied him with the answer he dreaded. Who did he trust and feel complacent enough with to remain calm without lashing out? His thoughts pointed in the direction of his psychiatrist….But that would be highly unorthodox. Just the act of touching in itself is a significant breach of their patient-doctor bond. Will’s dancing heartbeat was now threatening to bounce out of his chest, his pores were sweating profusely through his plaid blouse. He had to verify that what had just transpired was not a product of his own active and deviant imagination.

‘Are you suggesting that YOU should provide me with a massage?’ he spoke slowly, articulating every word in order to make sure that their meaning had sunk in.

‘Is it presumptuous of me to think that you have become accustomed to my presence as a result of all our… weekly conversations?’ responded Lecter quite enigmatically.

Will scuffed. Feeling mildly irritated, he pinched his nose and turned in the direction of his confusing interlocutor who still occupied his corner at the end of the room, feigning interest when in fact the tall individual was very interested.

‘Stop answering my questions with questions Dr. Lecter, it’s rude.’

‘Of course.’ Looking intently into the shorter man’s green eyes Lecter saw, in his unfaltering gaze, Will’s own suspicions.

‘Yes, I find myself quite capable of the task at hand. I know you better than you know yourself but more importantly, your response to my preceding exercise was all I really needed to know. Pleasant, I believe it was...’ He was referring to the short massage he had administered earlier which had caused the shy man to moan. Will’s cheeks inflamed in heat at the memory.

The psychopath’s lips quirked into a faint and devious smile. The agent’s eyes squinted in annoyance. OH the nerve of him!

‘Now, THAT’S presumptuous!’ snapped Will at the assumption. Even if it HAD felt wonderful to be touched, and relaxed. He was rarely touched so obviously it had felt good.

‘I know that this is a shock to you and that we might be crossing a few boundaries, but I-’

Dr. Lecter was cut off by angry snarl. Will’s expression was fuming with rage, but with his expert eyes Hannibal could decipher a slight hint of worry.

‘A f-e-w?! Dr. Lecter, what you are suggesting is highly unorthodox and honestly, very personal! You could lose your license for God’s sake!’

‘Your health is my primary concern here William, the rest is of no consequence. With every new crime scene Jack sends you to, you approach your breaking point. You are strong spirited my friend, but I’m afraid that your body will play tricks on you one day...’ he paused for effect ‘…and how much help will you be to Jack and the others if you end up dead?’

Will’s rigid expression fell, finally he understood the Doctor’s motives. He was right of course. Afterall, the whole point of his therapy sessions was to help him realise the full extent of his own capabilities and weaknesses so that he could in turn help victims find peace through justice. Perhaps, Dr. Lecter was not...entirely wrong in is diagnostic. He has been feeling fatigued and he could begin to feel the noose tightening around his neck.

For weeks now, there have been bags under his eyes, he hasn’t eaten much aside from what Dr. Lecter has brought him and he hasn’t been able to find sleep. How bad could this be? Regulations be damned! Since he wasn’t even an official patient, what harm could it do? All his friend wanted was to help him take care of himself. He unclenched his jaw while breathing in slowly. His posture slumped, he relaxed and placed himself in a submissive manner, thinking this would be a fitting way to apologize for his previous outburst. Hannibal had let the prey take the bait, they could finally move on.

‘I’m sorry, I’m just… I don’t know what I was thinking. Are you even licensed in massage therapy? Not that I doubt your...information...’

Seeing that the other man was about to reply, Will held up his hand, realizing his mistake.

‘No, Please, don’t tell me... Sophisticated as you are...I am sure you do. You breathe knowledge and bathe in it. Of course you are licensed.’

Hannibal smiled in approval.

‘You are right. I obtained my permit abroad when I was studying for my postgraduate degree. It was in Europe actually, good insight dear Will. You never cease to amaze me’ complimented the Doctor

Will blushed at the remark, but remained at a safe distance from the Doctor. The knowledge that Hannibal had a background in massage therapy had not helped to calm his turbulent imagination. He knew that if there was one person he could trust and feel at ease with; it was this man, but his aversion to physical contact made him anxious. He had been unpredictable during these last few days. He feared that he would drive away the only person willing to help him.

Hannibal was delighted to see Will fighting against himself. There is nothing more appetizing than a struggling prey. The empath's bodily reactions to Will's proximity were rendering him more desirable than ever. Hannibal licked his lips in anticipation, already tasting the wonderful fevered flesh under his tongue. If only Will knew how much his involuntary responses affected the Ripper's perfectly controlled abstemiousness; a self-control he had mastered over the years.

Will, who was still seated, was now shifting his weight from left to right. His shirt was beginning to show signs of perspiration. Embarrassed, he hoped his second refusal would not anger his friend. He knew that he was in no shape for any forms of touching. He was pretty sure that the funny feeling inside his stomach would not allow it.

'Dr. Lecter, as tempting as your offer is, and believe me it is. I really can't accept...You touching me..it-it might just...make it all worse. I wouldn't want to inconvenience you further, really..'

Hannibal, who was now offended by Will's dismissal, feigned an injured look.

'You shall never inconvenience me. I must admit that I had assumed we had grown closer, and more trusting with one another. I had hoped that my touch would have been comforting enough for you to overcome this fear. I am sorry for my boldness, I had thought we could fight this together.'

Hannibal's mind displayed a smirk at the sight of Will's crestfallen expression.

Will's empathy and constant need to care for his peers were two issues that Hannibal knew he was struggling with. The psychopath had based his plan on these cracks when he had fostered

their codependent relationship. This way he would assuredly become an important constant in Will's life. His plan had worked, now Will was taking great care of their particular relationship.

Will was stumbling with his words; he was trying to retract as many of them as he could. He always had trouble being...social. He was fortunate enough that Dr. Lecter had the patience of a Saint. Biting the inside of his mouth, Will felt a sudden rush of adrenaline and arose from his very sweaty seat in order to meet with Dr. Lecter who was now pondering his rejection.

'I-I'm..oh God..I didn't mean you… It's me...I'm sensitive and I-I..hum..don't want to arg… dammit'

Will forgot what he wanted to say. If his heart were a bomb, he would have detonated on the spot. His pulse was beating so fast! At this instant, Hannibal spared a glance towards Will's line of sight and both their gazes locked. Somehow, this little fleeting moment brought clarity and reason back to Will's mind. It brought him the courage he needed. He gulped down nervously and threw himself, metaphorically, at the imposing lion facing him.

'It's not what I meant to say...I mean of all the people I know, you're the only one I can freely call a friend. I don't know how to define our...companionship yet, after all I don't do social very well, but I do trust you Hannibal. Please, help me.'

That last phrase got straight to Hannibal's groin. He had waited long to hear those three little words spoken by his favorite FBI agent's perfect mouth. Too long in fact. He now promised himself that by the end of this, Will would be begging him. Luckily for him, what the detective had in cunning, he lacked in observational skills. Dr. Lecter's pants were clearly tented. His bulge was hitting the constraint of the non-stretchy fabric, Will none the wiser.

'Thank you for your honesty dear Will. I am glad my presence in your life is appreciated. I will get things prepared in the other room for your comfort. Please, follow me.'

Will exhaled a long breath which he was surprised to see he had been holding in. Now, all he felt was relief. He followed Dr. Lecter's suite at a hasty pace.

To be continued....

In the lion's den

Chapter Summary

Hannibal brings Will to his 'secret room' for some 'exclusive therapy'

Chapter Notes

Hope this chapter is better than the first one :) Comments and feedback are always appreciative and they help me learn! Thanks for the kudos guys! LOVE YOU, more soon! I have so many idea, Hannibal is my life! Work is edited by Super Cini and thanks to my followers (Julia) for tips on writing :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The office which his medical provider had leased was more than meets the eye. Until today Will had never stepped beyond this room. In fact, he had often wondered what hide behind the numerous mysterious doors that were lining the hallway. A fraction of his mind rejoiced at the fact that Dr. Lecter could provide him with this form of therapy. He knew he would have bolted from any other person's touch, even Alana Bloom's, if it had ever came to this. He relaxed his shoulders slightly and gazed upon the hallway he was being led into.

Finally, the ex surgeon stopped. They had reached a large wooden entrance adorned by two heavily carved and ornamental doors. He liked how Dr. Lecter was continually poised and collected. Unorthodox or not, his methods, as Will was well aware, would always be performed in a professional manner.

The large hand that placed upon his lower back was guiding him forwards. For a brief instant he hesitated, causing a resistance on Dr. Lecter's hand. His wide green eyes were scanning the room, taking in the sight.

'What's wrong?' asked the Doctor.

‘Ah! It’s just...It’s my first time in this room. The ambiance suits you as well as its….particularities, although it is an acquired taste.’ Will’s gaze fixed upon the painting that was hanging in the center of the room. It was slightly disconcerting to say the least. Rather than remaining frozen at the door, he took a few steps inside to join his psychiatrist who already brushed passed him to get to the large golden frame. The other collected man stood as if waiting for something. Or someone.

‘Please do come in, Will’ said the waiting model, admittedly lowering his voice to a seductive tone to incite the brown haired man to come closer.

Following mindlessly the light haired man’s baritone voice, Will began exhibiting signs of tremor in his fingers once he noticed the entangled men in hell in the elegant painting further down the room. It’s as if these tremors answered to his anxiety to becoming the raw beast he saw in the canvas. Fear or excitement? He didn’t want to know, but he knew of this famous scene before him.

The painting portrayed two naked man who were intensely locked in a battle over flesh and dominance. Biting in each other’s neck and limbs intertwined like a spider’s web. It was dubiously erotic, carnal...almost like witnessing an embrace. The intriguing part was the embrace didn’t even need to be romantic, but could alternatively be platonic. This scene reminded him a bit too much of the dreadful images that were running through his head. An image of Lecter and him flashed through his mind, reminding him of their own relationship. He frowned, his hands settling on his hips lazily.

Knowing Dr. Lecter, the location of this painting was carefully planned. Is it possible that the Doctor had known how much this would unsettle him? During the month in which they had known each other, Will had come to realize the extent at which Hannibal enjoyed provoking unsettling responses. He shifted his gaze to the center of the floor where he saw a large masseuse table. Surrounding the table was every component required for this science. Oil, towels (very short towel, he might add) and other objects he didn’t know of were exposed.

Distraught, he caught on that the table was facing the unsettling tableau. His heart faltered as if in response to a flight or fight situation at this veiled intention. How could he relax if THIS (the painting) was right up his face, or just even knowing it was there? How could Hannibal not see the irony, intelligent as he is? Or he did, and hoped Will would not pick up on it and not care. His curved shoulders shrugged.

Somehow, Will felt tension building within the confines of this room, the atmosphere reeked of danger. Yet, he knew that everything was meticulously placed. Every tableau, decorative piece and equipment was arranged in a fashion to provoke and arouse one's suspicion. Hell, it even looked like it the whole thing had been premeditated, as if Hannibal had predicted his response. By now, he was sweating profusely and growing increasingly uneasy at the thought of receiving an intimate massage in this secluded area. His gaze reverted towards the painting making things more awkward for him.

Subsequent to Will's response and without needing to look in Will's direction the good Doctor knew with exact precision which element was found to be unsettling.

'Ah...William-Adolphe Bouguereau's Dante and Virgil in hell. Oil on canvas...' innocently spoke Hannibal, like it was the most normal thing to proclaim in such a situation

(that is the painting Will sees)

Will nodded in understanding, analyzing the strokes and meaning.

'This...is a scene from Dante's inferno. It demonstrates the duality of human nature and sadly, one I understand too well. I often feel like I'm battling against myself when I get into a serial killer's mind; not knowing which part of me is actually me or the other.'

‘It is your own version of hell. To be a spectator in your mind, a prey to those dark urges which you have buried deep inside your subconscious; probably dating back to your confrontation with Garrett Jacob Hobbs. I find the irony intriguing.’

‘But not as intriguing as this particular piece of art you chose, I find. Quite....different’ stated Will who was still mesmerized by the portrait.

‘I like the unconventional’ responded Hannibal as he adjusted the table in order to accommodate his guest. The man in the suit nodded, calm as ever, demonstrating his contempt for this welcomed distraction.

Oh, how he enjoyed playing with his mongoose... One thing was certain, he would have him! thought the serial killer

Unsettled by the Doctor’s previous analogy, Will decided to change the subject. Thankfully, Dr. Lecter was too focused on finishing his set up to offer any objections. Shily, he made sure Hannibal knew how this framed artwork could affect his clientele, afraid it might affect the doctor’s practice and reputation.

‘Aren’t you worried about how your more...anxious patients would respond to this type of environment? One could say that it borders on debauchery and interferes with one’s privacy.’

The young man ignored the memories that came rushing through his mind palace resulting from the presence of this dramatic piece. The sinister power which radiated from the imagery was floating through his head like electricity. Deep down, he felt like he was being drawn into the room. It called to a darker part of his being and it made him shiver.

Hannibal purposefully postponing his answer to Will’s question. His own mind was rushing with completely different thoughts. He loved this painting as it drew out his killer instincts; especially his urges to devour Will’s flesh and consume all of his being. It made him reckless and much too excited with the prospect of Will becoming his own little puppet. Seeing how his fascinating subject still transfixed by the painting, he chose to appease the man’s intellect by providing him with a half lie.

‘You are the first first patient who sees this specific chamber. I have never had any reasons, prior to now, to make use of this area. After all, I don’t like to brag about my massaging skills to everyone: only to those who will get to enjoy them.’ he stared hard into those hazel confused eyes, and continued on, knowing full well it was intruding on Will’s space ‘Besides, I thought that you would enjoy this scene of Dante’s Inferno. It is why I chose this room above any others.’

‘Oh!’ exclaimed the profiler, embarrassed by his judgmental wits.

‘Well, it’s a dramatic scene, very animalistic and primal in nature. I guess all of us are, in the end...’ Will spoke these words vacantly, his mind drifted to his memories a well-known creature, his shadow was racing past him. It was the dark stag, with its red gleaming eyes...eyes that were piercing his soul. The stag vanished once he found himself in close proximity to his fair haired friend who was now entering his personal space. Hannibal’s worried expression indicated that he had once again been lost in his memories.

‘Will?’ His broad shaking shoulders were grasped tightly by the Doctor’s large hands. He looked up, still feeling a little dizzy. He smiled and nodded at his friend so that he could know that everything was alright.

‘Yeah… I’m all here.’

‘I was afraid I’d lost you.’ Dr. Lecter reluctantly loosened his grasp and stepped back in order to provide him with the necessary space to change. ‘I have readied the table. You can change in here and remove all your garments. You can place them on this chair when you are done.’

Will was startled. He could feel his tanned cheeks quickly shifting to a tint of pink. His attention was now solely on his psychiatrist, the stag completely forgotten. His big brown eyes were transfixed on Doctor Lecter’s. He was jarred by the words that had emerged from the man’s mouth. They were too blunt for Will’s liking. The fact that they had been spoken in a clinical environment was regardless.

‘W-Wha..ttt? All.. my c-clothes? Are you..?!!’ He stuttered incoherently, stepping back in shock, baffled at the words coming out of that mouth

Seeing Dr Lecter panned expression, he realized he was acting like a petulant child and retracted.

Taking a breather, calming himself, he chose to rephrase his statement which would have otherwise been extremely rude, ‘Why can’t we just do this with my clothes on? At least, with my pants on you know? Otherwise, I’m not sure that I am okay with these….instructions.’

Initially, he had thought that he could go through with this, if it was administered by Dr. Lecter... but maybe he just couldn’t do it in the end... It was one thing for a man to touch him with his clothes on; it was another for him to do so when he was stark naked! Hannibal turned a disapproving glance in his direction. Something in his eyes said that he would not take no as an answer.

Raising his arms in surrender, Will went for his shirt and gestured the Doctor he would follow his recommendations. Hannibal shook his head in approval. A spark ignited in this monster while he watched those working calloused hands pull on the disgusting fabric.

‘...Nevermind, I-I’ll…change….’ surrendered the weaker man of the two.

Pleased by this outcome, Hannibal stepped towards the door as he decided to leave his meal with a little privacy. Needless to say, it took all of his will to refrain from peeking. His prey’s scent was saturating the room with its pungent aroma. Earthy, leafy with a hint of cinnamon? All strange, but welcomed scents. His hard-on had not receded, it remained strong while in the other’s presence. His ears perked up at the ruffling sound of heavy clothes falling unceremoniously on his expensive varnished floor. He paused briefly before closing the door, his left eye twitching.

‘A towel has been left on the table in order to provide you with some privacy. I will ask that you lay down on your stomach and call me when you are done. I promise that once we are through with this, you will find yourself relieved and at peace. This is a wonderful opportunity for us to increase your well-being, you have my word.’

Will acquiesced through the process of his undressing, hushing the Doctor to go away, timidly.

The Doctor, sad to leave, understood and stepped out of the room. The door now shut, separating the two man apart. As Dr. Lecter left a minute to change, he smirked evilly

knowing Will had no choice but to obey the Doctor’s orders.

‘He would enjoy this’ he thought darkly, while fumbling himself through the cotton of his suit pants.

To be continued...

Chapter End Notes

XD!!! IT will get more intense! Next chapter will come soon, I swear. Poor unsuspecting Will, doesn't know what he got into ! What do you guys think, better?

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

***Edited by SuperCini** Hannibal decides to explore a bit this new territory.

Chapter Notes

YESSS! FINALLY EDITED! It didn't come out exactly as I wished it to, but quite proud of it still. Only one chapter to do with the sexy smut parts. Hope you guys enjoy it :) sorry for the slow update I wrote more than expected ahah

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Disclaimer: I do not own any of these characters and don't make any money from this

CHAPTER 3

The table was covered in cushions and blankets that were perfect for Will's body shape. He laid down and placed his arms on both sides of this body. His dishevelled curly hair fanned upon the headrest while his heavy head was supported by a face cradle made of the highest quality materials. Everything was so soft! No doubt about it, the Doctor took great care of his patients. His eyelids were shut, fluttering lightly, as he was letting the white noise of the room settle in his ears. He was greatly enjoying the silence and peace which this locale afford. For once, his mind and body were undisturbed, drifting like a boat on calm waters. Momentarily forgetting his current state of undress, he found that he couldn't have been any happier with his change of mind. He was glad to have accepted Lecter's offer.

Suddenly, a soft breeze brushed past him, as a silhouette cracked the door open. He barely responded to this intrusion, he knew by now that he trusted his friend to ease his discomforts.

'I trust you have made yourself at ease,' Hannibal ogled the beautiful form that was now positioned on his massage table.

Will hummed his consent feeling lost inside the welcoming fog of the surrounding calmness.

Will's body laid bare inside the vast room; his only source of privacy was offered by the cover of a white towel that was lying upon his backside. Hannibal's eyes roamed over the prone figure. Free from those horrid ill-fitting clothing, Hannibal could fully distinguish the natural beauty that was Will's scarred frame. As an artist he knew that he could easily have made a fortune in sculpting this marvelous frame.

Will's body was a work of art. It was a shame that Hannibal could not find it in himself to kill him. Will would have became a masterpiece in the Chesapeake Ripper's capable hands, yet his mongoose, he discovered, was more delectable alive. He rejoiced in the thought that he could have transformed this raw canvas into a ravenous sculpture; his own masterpiece.

He could see it like a fond memory; Will's naked form hanging from the highest tower of a church, bleeding and crucified, symbolizing God's highest prize and sin. Hannibal's sin at wanting this highly coveted prize. Just this imagery got his blood pumping. While his fantasy conjured itself inside his devious mind, his grabby hands were shaping this raw material to form a perfect vessel for his own. He couldn't wait.

He grabbed the bottle of oil lying on the nightstand and made his way towards Will. Soon after he squeezed a few drops onto Will's lean muscled back and began rubbing it in with his hands.

'Oh! That's..cold!' Will hissed.

'That is to be expected but it will soon warm up under my touch. Try to relax, otherwise it will not have the intended effect. Just let me know if this feels like too much and I shall stop.'

'Y-yeahh..thanks.'

Hannibal's skin made contact with Will's fevered flesh, the man below him cringed from this initial contact. Will was trying very hard to coax all forms of negative energy behind and to remain focused on more positive thoughts. His skin was crawling and tingling. Oil slicked his

warm skin, the large hands were easing the kinks out of his overworked body. Once he allowed the feeling to seek in, Will began to lean into the professional's touch.

'Feels...different...good...' sighed Will.

'I am glad to hear this Will now hush...' replied Hannibal who was focused on the task at hand.

His fingers flexed to push the muscles into place. Very soon he felt knots beginning to dissolve under his careful maneuvering. Only the sound of oily flesh meeting flesh resonated into the grandiose chamber, which to Will's ears made it sound very...erotic. Regardless, he didn't care, after all this felt good.

Will's body was pliant and ready to accept any forms of touching. The man's back was indeed strained. Hannibal's nerve endings could feel every muscles moving in response to his palpation. Every move he made was calculated to bring maximum pleasure. As a former surgeon, he knew the human anatomy thoroughly.

The oil was heating up and sinking into Will's epidermis. Hannibal slid his hands towards Will's shoulder blades, feeling Will's old and exposed scars. He puzzled over these, jealous of the being who had dared strike Will before him. His jaw hardened at the thought, promising death. Meanwhile, his credulous Will had no idea of the power which he possessed over this placid monster with whom he shared his friendship.

'Hmm...Dr. Lecter...This...grea..at' mumbled Will. All the comfortable items surrounding him muffled his voice.

Hannibal, who was usually so poised, could no longer restrain his lust. He reached out to close the gap between the hard wooden table and his clothed struggling erection. The grinding friction caused by the table's contact increased his excitement. Luckily, his prey was too focused on the magic which his hands were making to notice; not that Hannibal would have minded in either case. After all he was far from prudish, in fact he gained much pleasure from his prey's humiliation and responses. He got off on it: the kills, the pleas and the blood.

His cock bulged larger with each delicious moan that emerged from Will's mouth. The cannibal's maneuvering became more vigorous, a fact that was not unnoticed by his lovely host. Judging by the alluring sight before him, Will's endorphins were creating the desired impact, loosening Will's muscles which were now accustomed to his special care.

Whenever the Dr.'s hands travelled to a lower segment of Will's body, his game squirmed, twisting his hips from left to right. His dick twitched in response to his muse's reactions, increasing his fantasies to a delicious point of ecstasy.

He moved his hands to Will's sides, firmly pressed the flesh, in order to work out the kinks. Palming every corner, he memorised the details of this masterpiece. His fantasies escalated as he imagined himself dissecting this body for his own pleasure. He intensified his movements on the table, his pants were now constricting his blood's circulation. He was starting to get impatient; he needed release.

His irritation must have transferred through his ministration since the mass of brown curly hair abruptly lowered itself into the cradle. The small ears standing out were flushed.

'Argh- oh...!'

The empath muffled a moan that threatened to escape his wet lips which were slowly parted. His saliva dripped onto the inside of the table's head cushion as he dazed about his fantasies.

Will's body was reacting to Lecter's touch in an unforeseeable way. Whatever Hannibal was doing with his fingers got all his blood rushing south. He felt ashamed of this involuntary bodily response, his lower member was beginning to take interest in this activity for all the wrong reasons. It felt trapped between his own body weight and the table. He could do nothing to make it go away. He had to stay there unmoving, with the hopes that Hannibal wouldn't notice. He tried to will it away but to no avail, it was as if his body had a mind of its own.

'Everything alright, good Will?' inquired Hannibal who had seen the being beneath him either shifting in agony or in perhaps…in pleasure.

‘Hmmm hmm,’ hummed Will who trusted these sounds better than his voice. He sunk his head even further into the hole that was provided for it. If only it could swallow him whole along with his guilt. He hoped that Dr. Lecter would not see this, he wouldn’t know how to explain. His face was covered in transpiration, his curls were damp and semen was sadly tainting the doctor’s very expensive table, the signs were evident. Biting the inside of his mouth, the profiler resigned to focus on the Dr.’s appeasing contact instead of worrying about this awkward situation. His eyelids closed, brows relenting, as he barricaded himself into his imaginative headspace.

The scent came without warning, the Doctor was not prepared for this assault of his senses. However, it was not unwelcomed, in fact it was very well received. The sweet aroma filled the air completely. It immersed his entire being while his keen

nose deeply inhaled this new scent. Hannibal knew immediately what his prey was trying to hide...arousal. This smell was strong, masculine with a pinch of guilt. Oh, how he loved to drown in the constant guilt of his puppet.

With all these developments he was not surprised to witness that the tent in his pants had grown considerably larger and that his silken trousers were now coated with a salty liquid. He was well aware that the stains would be difficult to remove, but it was well worth the trouble. Eventually, this man would submit to him. Delighted and lost in his excitement, Hannibal’s teeth pierced Will’s legs making a small bead of velvet rise from his smooth shaven flesh. Hannibal’s skillful tongue languorously licked it while he sunk his knuckles deeper into Will’s thick muscles, earning him another sinful moan.

Hannibal’s current position provided the best angle towards Will’s hidden buttocks. The predator’s goal was to slowly start with his calves in order to gain access to the best part of the meat: Will’s strengthened thighs.

As he closely examined his work, he noticed that Will was now lost in his touch. The Doctor had underestimated his influence on the man; it went deeper than he had presumed. The man was walking into his trap so beautifully.

Still locked inside his head, Will had toned out every noise and concentrated solely on these foreign sensations. With his eyes shut and his ears focused on nothing but his own heartbeat; his brain could finally register where those hands were being guided. His calves were being handled with diligence. Overall, he felt like he was modeling past that was being shaped into a desired image. The tension in his back was faint now; only a bad memory in that was fading in the distance. Soon, the rest of his members would follow. He wondered how much

time the Doctor had planned to make this last. He was truly beginning to see the benefits which his doctor had spoken of. He felt incredible! He wondered if this soothing sensation was a result of his friend's touch or the long awaited moment which he had been waiting for. Prior to this day he had only been touched by a woman's hands, this felt much different. In this he was required to be sociable. No woman he met ever stayed around him long enough for them to reach such a point, except for Alana...

He had never been intimately touched by a man before, especially not in such a professional and intimate manner. The implications confused him more than his initial motivation. His troubled mind must have transferred his anxiety to his body since suddenly the Doctor's touch on his calves had him grounded. Lecter's voice was all he heard in the midst of his confusion.

'There is nothing threatening here dear Will. Let your subconscious understand that this is a safe environment. We are here to encourage relaxation. Do not think...just feel what I am doing to you...' murmured Dr Lecter in a low pitched voice as he glided his curious fingers on Will's undiscovered flesh.

As expected, when he went under and let began to let himself feel, he felt everything. With every knot his friend loosened on his vigorous calves he would feel his body burn as shivers ran down his spine. His endorphins flowed, increasing by ten fold the effects which these magical hands were having on his hairy legs. He felt as if Lecter was unlocking hidden parts of his body and remodeling them into something better. He felt so out of it...forgetting himself, he spoke out.

'Hmmm...yeah You..really ARE good at everything...'

The Doctor's thin lips quirked evilly as Will's words flowed into his large sensitive ears. He was glad to see that Will was lost in his thoughts and had not yet realised the implications behind the words he had spoken. By now, Hannibal knew he was drifting inside Will's beautiful mind.

These incidents occurred on more than one occasion. As his knuckles applied a steady pressure onto specific points of his prey's body, he saw the man thrust his hips into the foamy mattress as he growled 'yess, there!' Once again, a light devious chuckle was heard. Hannibal would never let go of this pliant mass of brawn.

As he worked up his prey's strained calves, Hannibal's arms slithered like a snake on Will's well oiled thighs as they slowly approached their initial goal. Knowing that Will was

imprisoned in his own imagination, Hannibal moved his grip towards the toned thighs that were awaiting him.

Abruptly, Will's pupils dilated as he gulped down his shock. One thing was certain, he was now very much awake. He took a moment to analyse his surroundings, he had momentarily forgotten where he was and what he was doing. Once he got hold of his bearings his heart skipped a beat. This massage therapy session was going too far. Firm hands were handling his highly sensitive thighs; they lingered on a place where they did not belong. Will's legs tensed in an effort to limit this intimate contact. In so doing, he barricaded his most prized possession. If he wasn't awake before then, he certainly was now.

'Uh....' he muttered a barely audible sound that was projected towards the floor. It seemed his hesitation had never reached its target since Hannibal hadn't shown any signs of halting.

Well that failed… what...should I do now...?

He tried fidgeting in discomfort hoping that Hannibal would catch onto his distress. After all, he HAD said that he would stop if it was too much. But...should he interrupt him? He was afraid that the Doctor would take it badly. He wouldn't dare raise his greenish eyes towards the darker ones above him. He was ashamed of his responses as well as his penis' previous reaction. Heedless of Will's sense of shock, his penis was still far from flaccid which didn't help to improve his situation.

As for the orchestrator of this charade, his eyes were red with lust! He was deeply enjoying the feeble attempts that Will made in order to counter his advances. One thing was certain, he would obtain what he wants! By now he was much too aroused to think otherwise. Will's sex still emanated wonderful odors. He knew full well that regardless of his rejection, Will's body was yearning for something or more specifically someone. He was aware that the man was probably shocked by this sudden move towards his groin but he knew that in the end Will would listen to his wisdom. Soon his long shaft would hit deep inside the other man's ass, until he possessed him for good.

Will laid still. His stomach was held firmly against the foamboard, his eyes were wide open, his head bowed, and his hands were clenched into fists that rested along his sides. So far, the silence had been convenient and a mercy that he had rarely enjoyed but now he could no longer take it. Hannibal's touch had sparked something in him and he hoped that there was a reason for the activity to have become so intimate. One thing was clear, Hannibal didn't seem

to mind. Despite Will's weak efforts to get the Doctor to halt, he could still feel his long and agile fingers moving along his upper thighs. They were almost brushing his testicles that hide beneath the small white square piece of fabric. The empath wondered how he could still sport an erection with all the blood that was now rushing to his cheeks. He couldn't stop fidgeting as hoped to block these probing hands, presuming of course that the good Doctor would get his signal. However, Hannibal no longer cared about Will's privacy concerns.

He was hard, confined in extremely tight pants and very much eager to enter this promising heaven that was covered by an irritating cloth. He growled in annoyance, which unsettled Will even more. Admittedly more so when the FBI consultant felt his hands graze his buttocks. This touch was too soft for a normal man to perceive but rough enough for an oversensitized man not to. He screeched and emitted a sound that was a bit sharper than what he had expected.

'Dr.Lecter!?' he said softly 'Uh..is this..a..necessary..procedure?' It seemed as good a way as any to confront his audacious psychiatrist.

'Whatever do you mean?' Hannibal replied innocently, never relinquishing his hold on his patient. He unwillingly lowered his hands in order to ease his friend's frantic expression.

Even though Will could not see his face, he knew that the Doctor was playing coy with him. The smug bastard he thought, smiling in good humor.

'Now, he decides to feign ignorance…' He exhaled in exasperation. 'It wouldn't surprise me if he knew exactly what he is doing to me.' His thoughts were going to his wonderful half-hard member. Even now he wasn't able to raise his voice. It was very difficult to think when an expert massage therapist was playing you like an accordion. Logically, his next comment came out wrong.

'...Uhmm..ah..I..I'm a...bit...God..this..t-this is....too...oh! much..thighs!' he tried to reason. His head was still down, his eyes were cast downwards gazing at nothing but the floor.

To reverse Will's uncomplacent behaviour, Hannibal knew he had to modify his tactics.

'I know it might seem very...intimate for you since you are new to massage therapy; but let me assure you that I know exactly what I am doing. This is all standard procedure; I want

you at ease dear Will, not fighting against me….That would beat the purpose of this therapy.' He said sternly, leaving no room for complaints.

'I..get it. I do..f-feel better..my back yeah...but...' he hoped to God that Hannibal would stop feigning unawareness and move on to someplace else. As he coached his body to relax, the warmth unexpectedly left his smooth skin. Hannibal moved away from the table, away from Will. He had not noticed but his psychiatrist's presence was so dominating that as soon as he moved away, Will could breathe better. Small mercies, Will thought. Sadly, nothing readied him for what came next.

'If you would please turn over, so I can start on your front.'

Will asked him to repeat in order to confirm his doubts.

'S'cuse me?' he baffled.

His eyes were now searching for Hannibal's, hoping to find a hint of a smile only there was none. His psychiatrist was dead serious.

'If you could flip onto your back, please.' he repeated impatiently.

'Uhh..No? That's enough really. I-I t-think...it worked well so far, but' said Will, propping himself onto his elbows glancing at his psychiatrist. He was not sure how he should move forward with his challenge.

'The benefits will be better if you experience a full body massage as was initially planned. It has been proven to be efficient for highly stressed patients. It could improve your chances; I'm sure Uncle Jack would appreciate the effort, at the very least.'

'No one said anything about a FULL body massage...You didn't say that....Look, I..hum...Dr.Lecter...' whined Will. He didn't want to explain why this wasn't such a great idea after all. This form of touch was too much.

‘I promised you relaxation Willian, and right now, rather than removing this stress, we are performing the exact opposite. I also believe that it will be highly beneficial to test your limits with regards to this new experience. I asked you to trust me with your wellbeing Will. Believe me when I say I simply have your health in mind. Please, do not challenge me and flip over so I can finish….’

‘Fine, alright...Do what you want’ he sighed.

Will relented and complied. However, he made sure that the towel covered his now flaccid member. The other man was right, the stress was back and his boner was gone which was great news.

Hannibal growled and went back to Will’s curly mop of damp locks.

Back to square one, the cannibal scoffed mentally.

Still, this lack of courtesy could be ignored, since he could finally carry on. A slight step-back, but nothing he couldn’t improve to fit his goals. He smirked at this new opportunity and accepted this new challenge.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for following me and for the kudos and comments. I love you guys for your interest. Next chapter hopefully will be written before I start school. ARG so many ideas for fictions!! stay tuned guys

Chapter 4: Acceptance

Chapter Summary

The epic conclusion. Will Hannibal get what he wants and Will to surrender!

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long chapter...I got lost in it. Hope you like the finale. Comments are love! Thanks for following. Make sure to watch my other work :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

CHAPTER 4

The enamored killer took a few second to admire the prone form of William that laid on his masseuse table. He licked his dry lips in anticipation of the meal to be savoured.

While he had his Will where he wanted him, Hannibal allowed his hands to roam free, diverging from their original path. As soon as those long calloused fingers massaged Will's temples, his prey had fallen to the cadence, unaware of Hannibal's luscious plans. He cleared a path towards the ply sleeping man to his hairless front, enjoying the soft oily skin under his touch. Gone where the innocent touches. Lecter planned to memorize all of his Will's structure. He crouched lowly for his lips to ghost over those perky nipples. It tingled under the pressure, his tongue lapping enthusiastically the little buds of flesh. The body responded with a shiver.

Fascinated by the sensitivity of Will's body, he blew a cool puff which hardened the already abused nipple. He went back and forth, making sure both were equally relished.

Under his taste buds, the salty bitterness of sweat and oil assaulted his mouth. From the small tremors of Will's body, Hannibal could see his ministrations didn't go unappreciated. Quite the contrary.

The serial killer had a vague image of what his love was dreaming about, if only observing the thrust of hips in the air. He licked his lips, his predatory eyes burst with an insatiable hunger. He had to have him, so he lowered his kisses in a trail leading to the spots of dark unruly pubic hair sticking out. After sampling the upper area of Will's broad, yet delicate chest, Hannibal slithered his way to the main course: Will's proud leaking dick.

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Meanwhile, Will retreated to his head as he felt Hannibal's expert brushes lead him to heaven. In the end, he wasn't that bothered with being flipped on his back. It allowed the doctor better access and he had to admit; it felt wonderful to have those grip hands deal an encumbrance to his skull, dancing through his dark curls. So far, this full body massage therapy seemed to work.

The quiet echo of the stream reached the nerve endings of Will's brain. His senses were hit from every angle, allowing him respite. Lost in his memory palace, he allowed his Doctor to exorcise the stress away from his being. The stream had always been a place for him to evade the horrors of his vivid imagination, but it was also a place of euphoria and silence; a place he could drift in the soft breeze of sensations.

Will stood tall and straight, washed by the water. His thighs were slapped by the rush of the current against his skin, cold as the autumn air. The cold wind skimmed against his bearded cheeks. His eyes were half open as he could imagine those fingers working the kinks in. Every stroke, every lingering pressure felt like heaven.

In this dream like state, Will was alone, except for the chirps of birds calling to each other, while the sun's warm light engulfed him in its embrace, raising his body's temperature.

He could feel the heat rising to his cheeks, coloring them with a light flush. His hot and ragged breath as he feels phantom touches grazing along his torso very slowly. His blue ocean eyes half closed under those lovely strokes, like a brush would against perfect canvas.

Lost in the feeling, he couldn't predict the sudden little nudge against the palm of his hand, requesting attention. Black rugged fur and wet nuzzle rubbed gently, pushing and demanding

like a lover's pull. Upon contact, Will's breathing accelerated, his heart pumping blood faster into his veins. It was as if the feathered touch had sent electricity down his body.

I see you.

That's when William finally realized he was completely naked, body displayed to nature. If this wasn't an illusion, he would have been embarrassed; but luckily for him it wasn't, therefore, he pushed it at the back of his mind. Turning to face this new presence, a wave of familiarity cradling him.

He knew what was necessitating his concern. He spotted it from his many nightmares. The only thing that didn't make him wanna hide in the shadows, but actually comforted him. The raven stag laid gracefully waiting for something. Some part of him knew what it wanted. It was hard to think with the mixed sensations flowing through him, so he let go, like Hannibal had suggested before. He felt safe with the large animal beside him.

Raising his hand, the wild creature closed the gap, resting his head, careful not to harm Will with its antlers, against the awaiting appendage. There it was again. Those weird sensations he felt before. It returned infold, making his skin crawl in a very pleasant way, sending all his heated blood to his shaft.

Lecter had been right once again. Cutting loose his vacillation warranted for better relaxation. He felt taken care of in the stag's shadow.

Will had to question its arrival, though. Usually, it showed only during gruesome scenes where his mind was lost in the fog of uncertainty, close to the edge where dark impulses were found, threatening his sanity.

Looking into its dark spheres softly, Will thought: *so, why are you here now?* What did it mean? Every time the raven stag caressed him, those wonderful invisible palpation floated across his stinging flesh.

When he petted the beast, it growled in content. It didn't stop there though, and he wouldn't want it to stop either. What he felt now was welcomed, his mind leaving agency to permit his

build full sensory access.

The warmth of the creature along with the cool water hitting his thighs, made him close his eyes, blinding him to outside stimuli and focused on the present reality.

It narrowed the sensations precisely to where he felt the beast claim him. His member was now fully erect, begging to get attention. He needed to touch himself, and whatever was done to him outside to make him feel this free and attune, he couldn't spare a minute to think about it. All that mattered at this conjecture was release and getting those feelings against his heated flesh.

He grew frustrated when he felt an invisible grip against his wrists retaining him, denying him the satisfaction of jerking himself off. But it was soon forgotten, when the black stag muzzle grazed forcefully his hardened shaft, smelling his musk. He tried to contain the voice that flew past his parted lips, but in vain.

'Uhmmm' he moaned inside his head, carried by the guiding soul next to him. The friction was maddening, his hips bucked at the empty space where originally the looming creature had been. Through half lidded eyes, he noticed the feathered figure had evaporated into dust.

Lust filled eyes stared hard, searching for a sign. His mind supplied a question, but he knew the beast would not answer. He could still hear it though, loud above the rushing sound of the stream.

Remnants of the feelings he felt coursing through his veins stayed strong, ghostly breezing the underside of his hard-on. His mind went blank as he shuddered when a moist texture enveloped him. He was close and quickly, a flash of reality went past him. He prayed his situation was not seen by his masseuse.

His penis was not small, but average size; nothing a little cloth could cover enough for the Doctor not to comment on. He could briefly imagine his friend's delicious lips turned upward at his predicament.

Oh! He would love it, he knew. Will had learned Hannibal was secretly a sadistic little bastard, but he found with time he liked this human trait on him. It made him more human.

Startling him out of his reverie, a sharp pain reverted from his prick. Coming back to himself, his eyes couldn't compute what he saw. His heart almost gave out at the incredulous sight, his blue eyes wide and shocked, his mouth open.

What greeted him was a very hungry Doctor literally eating him up. His glistening dick was shoved down Lecter's eager mouth. He could see the man's graceful tongue swirl along the underside veins of his throbbing cock.

So much for an innocent massage!

He understood the meaning of the stag in his dream. It mirrored this image perfectly of his friend blowing him very adroitly. As much as he was angry and wanted to shout at his friend for breaching his trust and going against his past wishes, he couldn't. His attention was focused elsewhere, overthrown by his arousal.

'OH GOD!' He couldn't believe this was happening. He should be repulsed by this, but he found himself hesitating. His arms were raised above his hand, clenching tightly at the white drapes of the table. He could only register how good it felt to have this man suck him off. But he had to ask.

'Doctor...Lec...ter. Wh-at are...you-going? *Fuck!*' Blood seeped through his mouth having bitten the inside of his mouth. His question went unanswered, except for more vigorous suckling of his tortured cock. 'oh!' He could feel him smile around his length. He shivered when the expert muscle leaped over his sensitive tip.

With more conviction, he squeaked:'Enough, please...ah! !' He cast his reprimanding frown at the man encased between his leg, his folded legs on each sides of the large man. ' Stop! This...is wrong, I shoul...dn't...hmmm ugh!'

He wondered how Hannibal would believe him, when he wasn't sure of himself, if he wanted the other to stop or not. Those exploring rough hands were too distracting as they made sure

to touch every patch of skin he possessed, afraid to lose the memory.

Finally, sandy ashed hair surfaced, Hannibal's face clearly annoyed at the interference, yet never stopping his discovery.

Well, screw him! I-I...need to understand his motives.

'You don't really want me to stop' said Hannibal as a matter of fact.

What could he answer to that, really?

Deep inside, he enjoyed having the strong man pleasuring him. It had been a long time since he had gotten any, especially with a man. Last time was from his college days, which wasn't much really. Sex required a level of affinity with another, one he wasn't familiar with. He just never found anyone worthy, until his meeting with Dr Lecter that is. He just never expected his psychiatrist to swing that way or even engage in that sort of activity. He seemed so stiff and composed. But, he guessed the image of a wild Hannibal Lecter wasn't so bad, especially when his dick twitched in response. Definitely hot.

In a split second, he decided his fate.

'May..be. I don't know…, but why? *Fuck… Why me? I'm un...stable-*' He grunted when razor sharp teeth grazed his gland teasingly.

Wet lips let him go like a pop, fierce eyes burning with desire pinning him down. He gulped suddenly afraid of such intensity in those usually very stale pupils.

'It should not be a mystery to you as to why, my dear Will. I never once hid my...interest for you. You were so delectable squirming under me that I just could not help myself to a little taste.' All seriously, he asked already knowing the answer ' Did I misread the situation? Should I put an end to my current activity?'

A bright blush went to his pale cheeks. His black thin eyelashes fluttering, his eyes avoiding the immobilizing stare. He chugged the thick lump in his throat. One of his sweaty palm went to the hollow cheeks of the older man, tenderly.

He figured all those small touches on his shoulder, those intensive glances and all those dinners were more than friendship gestures. His life was so fucked up. Nothing could come out of a relationship with your psychiatric friend; this was crossing so many boundaries! Regardless, he would be a fool to overlook their connection over a silly thing like social conventions. They were above such petty things, more evolved.

He had been blind to his mentor's cues, but Lecter had been confident enough to make the first move, knowing Will would have never rejected him. Whether from fear of losing him or because he genuinely wanted this selfish being to possess him, he jumped in at this opportunity. Now was not the time to reflect on his rash decision.

Most importantly, his 6 inches rock hard cock needed Hannibal back on him, and fast. Lecter must have known his answer all along, he chuckled. The manipulative bastard. How much of this settlement had been of his own volition and not the sway of his psychiatrist shrewd words, he wondered; but he couldn't help feeling warm at having a man like him for himself.

'N-no-, it's fine....quite- rela...xing in fact... Don't... stop, just-' shyly answered Will. His thumb brushing a wild lock of silked hair out of the man's gorgeous features, hungry pupils dilating at his acceptance.

The cannibal obliged and went back to the task at hand.

Will could feel those digits curling around his length, joining that talented tongue. It coaxed lovely noises from his throat, which he tried to reign in. He was panting heavily, his breath labored. The smooth back and forth motion of hollowed cheeks glided perfectly, squeezing the life force out of him.

He could not think straight, since all his blood rushed south seeking release. Hannibal took him like a pro, like he had done this before. A pang of jealousy sprung inside him at the thought. His arched his back when Hannibal hummed in satisfaction when Will hit the back

of the warm heat he was engulfed in. His partner's gag reflex perfectly still, his penis breaching the barrier past the meat hunter's esophagus. He groaned and bucked his hips frantically in hopes to relive this experience. He blushed as he glanced at his psychiatrist fulfilled guise. Hannibal always enjoyed taking his time eating, savouring all his meal's flavor.

He couldn't hide his flushed and mesmerized face when those focused maroon orbs locked with his. His forearm went over his eyes, while his mouth was open, drool coating the side of his parted lips.

'You...suck me...hmm so well. You look so...debauched! You...d-do you...like this?

Hannibal hummed in acknowledgement making Will's organ even more tender.

He didn't know if his empathy was to blame, but Hannibal's lust and hunger washed over him like a wave from the Atlantic ocean, grounding him. He could feel the attraction his friend referred to before, but there was something invisible clouding it.

A blur of darkness. Dangerous obsession, perhaps. He could grow attached to that as no one had ever connected with him on such an intimate level like Lecter had.

This felt long overdue, like they had danced around the pot since their meeting. Therefore, he couldn't help surrendering to this strong masculine being.

Will's other unoccupied palm played with that silky ash blond hair, hoping to control the rhythm, but Hannibal didn't seem to indulge him. He got the message; he was not in charge; his partner was.

Unconsciously, he shoved his cock with a bit more strength when his balls rolled like chinese balls in that large grip hand and alternating between licking his prick and sucking, biting at his testicules.

As for Hannibal, he drank in those beautiful whimpers. His own hard-on was uncomfortable pushing against his suit pants once again, wanting and leaking. He didn't have the time to prepare Will as much as what was needed for a first time; so he hoped the other would accommodate him and his unquenchable thirst. The special agent's needs were secondary to his own. What mattered was that Hannibal gets what he wanted from Will; and that was his utter surrender: mind and body.

'Oh!' Will voice exclaimed in surprise. Daft fingers were now surrounding his hole, teasing, spreading the leftover oil to slicken the entrance for future penetration. That made him retract, his dick flopping out of his mentor's hot cavern in a quick slurp.

Hannibal looked perplexed, his brow raised in question.

'Is there something wrong?' simply said Hannibal, his shadow looming over Will's private parts.

'Wait!...I...just...have never...I mean, I did kissing and a little fumbling before...a ages ago..., but never that. Too intimate, too..uh, vulnerable. Not with another man. Never with man. I-'

Hannibal smirked at the revelation: 'Am I to be your first William?' That amused tone sent tickles down his spine.

'Ahh...Uuhhmm...Y-yes, but if you don't want…'

Hannibal put a hand on Will's exposed inner thigh in comfort. 'It would be my honor to be your first, my dear Will' The hoarse voice of the individual before him filled his whole being. So domineering.

Will's experience was limited to drunken college exchange of tongues and touching. He trusted Hannibal to do good by him, but he was afraid that his inexperience would ruin this chance for him.

Nevertheless, the intent behind those words were true, and Will's anxiety drifted in the wind. His demeanor must have displayed his doubts, when he saw Hannibal poise a delicate kiss on his inner thigh.

'There's no need to be scared my dear. You are in very good, capable hands' leered a mischievous horny cannibal.

Will didn't doubt it a second, if the previous back rub was anything to go by.

Will leaned comfortably into the table, sinking his weight onto the foam. Hannibal's big thumbs spread his cheeks apart to get a better look, enjoying the puckered hole.

He could wield the strong walls of muscles holding tight against the probing index finger. It pushed past the ring of muscles which caused a hitch of breath from Will, who squeezed harder on his digit, preventing any motion to go forth. His oily finger would not get anywhere if his mongoose did not remove the tension. The carnivorous beast's patience grew thinner by the second. He exhaled exasperatedly.

'Please relax yourself. Otherwise, this will be particularly agonizing' Not that he would mind a little struggling.

Will made a sour face, forcing himself to relax 'It's easy for you to say, you don't have a finger forcing its way into your ass.' Hannibal sighed and feeling his prey relax in the end. He pressed once more until it was glopped quickly like a slurp by Will's slicked entrance. Will gasped upon impact, his jaw tense.

Will squirmed, shifting his body in an attempt to ease the foreign object's trajectory. He knew the mechanics of it, but he didn't understand what was so pleasurable about this. It hurt like hell, and it was only one thick finger.

Will gasped when another long finger joined its brother, scissoring inside his tight heat. Regardless of the lube like substance applied, it felt like his backside was greeted with sandpaper. It burned. His lids shut firmly at the intense pain pearmanating from his muscle walls.

‘It...-I-It hurts...stop... It’s too much…’ He hissed, facial features contorting weirdly as he tried to even out his respiratory pattern ‘- too fast...Take them...out, plea...se. It burns my insides.’

‘It will ease in a moment, a slight pinch is expected on your first time. Your discomfort will vanish, give it time. You will learn to accept the pressure’ stated clinically Hannibal.

He really tried to take it, but he felt his interior walls stretch beyond the realm of the possible.

As for Hannibal, his mood darkened, his eyes squinting dangerously. Once the little bundle of nerve was found, Will would be lost in the sea of pleasure and would finally stop complaining.

‘I’m sorry… ah...hmm ah...please, it really...stings’ Will said focusing on tuning out the pain. His head turned to the side, a little droplet of salty water escaping the confine of his eyes.

Will was lucky he got any preparation at all. If Hannibal had shed his self-control away as soon as he got his hands on him, Will would have not come unscattered from their mating.

His mate’s hormones and arousal smelled intoxicating, he could bathe in them. It made the predator reckless.

‘Turn around on your hands and knees. Face down, ass up.’ impatiently said the cannibal. His look was feral. Will knew not to argue and just go with it. He trembled as he did what was demanded from him; proud to see a little earnest smile on his doctor in response to his complacence. The intensity in which Hannibal revered him was overwhelming. Those wolfish eyes devoured him as he positioned himself in a very opened manner. He peered away in plight.

‘Perfect! You truly would have made a wonderful marble statue, my dear Will. You are a marvelous creature. I could lose myself in your beauty, if only you could consent to me’

As he switched position, he whispered ‘Doctor Lecter, I-’

‘Hannibal. Please, at this conjecture, I would prefer you call me by my given name’

‘ah..y-yes...*Hannibal*’ His name uttered by his William sent sparks of pleasure down his full weeping member who asked for freedom since this all started. Those syllables trembled past those plump lips, a lullaby to his musical ears.

As Will’s face kissed the foamy material of the table, his ears perked up at the sound of a zipper being pulled down. Automatically, a bright reddened blush spread over his cheeks up to the pointy top of his big ears. He was curious to look at Hannibal’s erected member, but dared not too.

After much restriction, Hannibal posted his eager mouth on that quivering hole, pushing his tongue inside. His refined nose dug into the cleft of Will’s ass, drinking in the masculine odor of Will’s musk, the oil as well as a faint hint of soap. He groaned into that ass, Will’s cheeks receiving the ripples of the muffled sound.

THAT was so much better. So much that Will met the Doctor’s push of the tongue with his basin. Will moaned and cried as if his life depended on it. If his friend stopped, he would probably hit him.

The older man’s tongue swirled and curled at a fast pace. Pushing and ripping those lovely sound from his overtaxed vocal chords.

From his angle point, Hannibal could see Will’s closed eyelids, fists gripping the sheets firmly between crisped fingers. A small pool of saliva escaped his submissive’s lips, glistening.

Will’s back was arched strenuously, his shoulder blades inclined and clearly visible. The boy needed better nourishment, one he would provide with gusto. He couldn’t help take a bite at

Will's exposed bottom when he saw it clench, his teeth leaving a red imprint; proof of propriety.

'Damn! Ow...sooo...good. God!'

'God has nothing to do with this' replied Hannibal, who shoved his fingers back in without warning. Will's mouth formed an 'O' while the side quirked a little, his chuckled dying in the euphoria.

The large chamber was filled with the squishy echoes of his hole been eaten and pounded into forcefully and Lecter's oily hand jerking himself off in time.

After what seemed like hours, the serial killer removed his fingers and his tongue altogether.

Will whined at the empty feeling. ' Wha….? Don't stop now. Please, put your fingers back in...I need you. God, don't make me beg, dammit!' he said irritated by the sudden turn of events.

Why could Hannibal do this to him?

When he caught a glimpse of what was coming, he wanted to take back what he had said.

His eyes almost popped out of his skull. Hannibal erection was massive. Its girth was impressive, but it was beautiful and well kept. Nothing he hadn't expected from a man like Hannibal Lecter. The tip was already leaking small beads of pre cum. The head was sticking out, veins at its side bulging. He didn't know how this would fit in with the little preparation he had gotten.

'Oh Fuck! You can't put that in me. You'll tear me apart' squeaked Will a little in panic.

Hannibal chuckled as he continued to stroke his shaft languorously, placing himself behind Will's asscheeks. ' I'll take that as a compliment. Breathe and let me in.'

'Hannibal...It'll never fit!' argued Will

'I've given you plenty of preparation, dear Will. Bear with me, I know what I'm doing'

Will's pleas went on deaf ears.

The psychiatrist semen entangled itself with the oil obliging his large pulsing organ to slide in the crack. Pressure mounted as the blood filled mass knocked for entrance. It was a very tight fit as expected of a virgin hole. Hannibal's head fell back, his jaw tense and his hair dampened with sweat.

'FUCK!..ARG… It feels like...you're splitting me in half… There's no way, this'll feel urg...ah.ah...good. Hannibal!' pleaded a very uncomfortable Will, his whole frame crunched. He bit his lower trembling lip to shut down his screams. He had to tough it out like a man. He didn't want to disappoint his only friend, but damn if this wasn't the sharpest pain he had ever felt in his life; and he had been stabbed!

'You are squeezing me so firmly Will. Hold on, you are doing so well...' praised Hannibal as he spread the asscheeks further apart, enjoying the first class seat of his dick penetrating slowly but surely the object of his fantasies. Finally, he had Will's mind, body and soul.

'Geez...slo...ww down ahhh... P-please, give me time to...AH!'

The man was on a mission. Hannibal didn't heed his partner's words and just rammed himself in to the hilt in one swift motion. The heat was incredible, he could barely move. He was locked in, feeling Will's ass adjusting to his size, getting used to him being inside.

He thrusted with more certainty, quick and efficient like was expected of him. He was meticulous in his endeavor.

The wooden table shook against the hard pace, misplacing the sheets and rocking Will harshly against its floor. Will held on for dear life. Lecter hit deeply inside him, he could feel the darkness slipping out of the guy's well crafted exterior. The brutally of the impaling was dominating, leaving space for no counter moves. There was one beat. One rhythm and he had to ride with it.

Animalistic grunts and growls stomped Will's quiet stifled cries. Hannibal was evidently having fun, while he was still trying to adjust to the length pumping in and out of him without reprieve.

'Please...s-stop..let me adjust...you-, you're very...big...I can feel you inside me...pushing...it's breathtaking...dammit...ah.ah...just- give me a minute...it's..not a race…fuck' Will was stuttering, fumbling with his words. His brain was totally turned off. He could not think. He just laid there, hoping it would accommodate better with time.

'You can take my pounding Will..hmmm.' Hips tapped against flushed skin. Tap. Tap. Tap ' I know you can. After all, I chose you well. You are cooking me up in there, like an oven baking the most delicious bread'

If Will wasn't so distracted by this massive dick gliding down his asshole, his face would have fallen at the pun. Instead, he buried his face deeper in the sheets.

Corny Will thought.

After a while, the pressure assuredly decreased replaced by the constant tingle of the cock hitting the back of his sternum. He practically felt Hannibal up to his stomach. His pained cries winded to pleasured babble.

His bent legs were getting tired and cramped. So, the taller gentleman pulled at Will's ankles in a quick jerk. The curly brown haired man barely had time to register what had happened before he felt himself being heaved at the foot of the table, his feet touching ground.

Without a moment's thought, the massive blood filled organ shoved itself back into the hot fournaise. Will screamed in ecstasy, meeting those harsh powerful thrust in earnest. This new bended position granted a better depth and angle. His eyes rolled back.

Will's soft moans were like music to his ears. Hannibal absorbed all of them, aiming to get more out of his mongoose. After angling his shoves the right way, he was rewarded by Will yelling his name with the most passion swell voice ever. It was heavenly. The prostate was a fascinating bundle of sensitive nerves.

'HANNIBAL!' yelled a fucked out FBI agent.

Will's dick danced to the beat, flapping against taut skin. His legs were spread so wide, giving a wonderful view to Hannibal. The other enjoyed seeing his girth swallowed eagerly by the gaping pucker.

'What's….god...more...fuck me...y-yess..I haven't felt...so good. Ah yes, Harder!' asked Will in the throes of passion, his mouth slack, his vision blurred.

'That, my dear Will, is your prostate. The equivalent to a woman's g-spot, one would argue even better than that.'

His hip bones dug awkwardly into the wooden legs of the masseuse table, mixing pain with pleasure.

His panting grew loud, but he could not stop the faint twisted smile gracing his wet lips.

'Only you could make... a-ah...hmm yes!...a clinical statement like that sound so..hmm….s-so sexy as hell…Hanni...bal'

'I aim to please' he replied simply, angling his dick towards the abused prostate of his mate.

I don't doubt it, reflected Will in a haze. The ex-surgeon lowered his clothed chest, making sure it lingered above Will's fevered skin.

A soft murmur tickled Will's ears. The voice dropping two octaves lower. ' Now be a good boy and let me fuck you good and proper…'

Fuck yes! went through Will's addled mind.

Then, things went downhill very fast, but at this point, Will couldn't give a damn.

Witnessing Doctor Lecter relinquish his hold on his self control was the most beautiful thing he had experienced. To be honest, it felt exactly like when he had killed Hobbs. Powerful.

Hannibal fucked into him with abandon. His hands fumbled with Will's hair, pulling them back roughly. His stringed out neck was an offering to those cannibalistic sharp teeth to sink in. Will winced, but moaned harder when an expert strong muscle lapped at it like a dog would his wound. There was a tenderness to it.

Will's engorged member demanded attention as it had been left untouched in this whole ordeal for too long. Turning his face to the side, he spared a soft laxed look at his man's direction for permission which was granted.

Hesitatingly, his tanned palm reached his member and fapped himself off. He stroked his cock in time with his partner's violent tempo, matching his thrust, which always hit his prostate dead on.

Suddenly, Will's slack orifice was covered partially by a large hand, effectively muffled his groans. Then, it was invaded by curious digits, exerting force on his jaw. Will understood the message, and sucked at them, mimicking Lecter's earlier action on his own cock.

Hannibal's oversensitized cock brushed warmingly the interior barriers of his Will. Coating the inside with a part of him, his own essence. His cockhead lurched when he felt his lover's

tongue tentatively licking each fingers into his mouth. Warm breath ghosted over them adding to the pleasure. His mongoose was the perfect submissive for him, he had chosen well.

‘ Ah..Ah..I’m..fuck...I feel you...in me...We should have done this ages ago...more...I’m so close Hannibal- Just, Fuck me!’

Not wanting his partner in crime to come too fast, he freed one of his arms to grab Will’s wrists, preventing him early orgasm. Will growled at the lost of his hand and at the disagreeable extension of his shoulder’s articulation as his left arm is tugged behind his back, disrupting his balance.

‘Patience, my dear. When you will cum, it will be by my own design.’ His lips hovered above Will’s, their breath mingling. While his other large hand caressed Will’s torso, pinching his hardened nipples, thin lips poised themselves softly on Will’s own moist ones. They kissed, bit and pulled at each other’s lips. Teeth clasped against teeth, nose bumping against each other all the while fucking like animals.

Will vaguely wondered if the table would give way under their brash activity. It remained strong though. Their kiss grew more fierce, saliva exchanging midway as they opened their mouths. A rope of drool linked them, briefly.

Hannibal’s expert muscle explored Will’s moist mouth, seeking the other man’s tongue with its own. Hannibal nibbled at Will’s lower lip when he bit into it, drawing a little blood. His William Graham tasted like the best of wines.

‘Ah *ouch!* You bit me!’ exclaimed Will incredulously, his facial expression playful still.

‘I did. Is that a problem?’ He asked slowing down his hips, making his massive cock went completely out, before diving right in.

‘Noo… Hannibal...you tease. I need to… I-I want you to come in me... I’m..uh...I-I’m clean...’

Those piercing red eyes soften, happy at this new development ‘ I know William. As your psychiatrist, I am privy to your medical record. I will gladly take on this wonderful offer’

He whispered the last part again, near his earlobe this time ‘ I can imagine my seed painting you so exquisitely.’

You are mine and no one else’s’ He would tear apart any man or woman daring to steal this unique creature from him.

With this affirmation, Will almost came. He would have though, if it weren’t for Lecter disengaging him.

Will whined and pouted. He thought the other wanted to come inside him, so why stop now? His insecurities returned like thunder.

Propping himself on his elbows, he twisted to gaze at his sexual partner. ‘Hannibal?’

With his ocean blue orbs locked onto this fluid individual, he saw the slender, yet muscular form sit at the edge of the table, waiting. *Oh!*

‘Come. Ride me. I wish to see you come undone under my fingers’

Step by step, Will approached the calm figure waiting for him. He was so red in the face, his blood rushing to his brain; he was afraid he would burst.

Finally, he could admire the stiff rod standing tall, moving slightly against its pelvis. He gulped down his stress and relaxed. He mounted slowly the proud sex, sinking down, inch by inch.

He took an intake of breath and held it, until he was seated completely. His ass felt those hairy balls crush under his weight. Hannibal didn't seem to care. His mop of hair slumped on the broad shoulder, his dampened lock softly marring the paler european skin. Their color contrasting into the dimmed light of the chamber.

He pushed with his inner thighs, fixing a steady rhythm to permit better friction. His own flushed strained dick, full of sperm, was trapped between their toned stomach. His arms encircled the clothed torso, nails scratching at Hannibal's back for support. The other snarled as he felt his skin part under his fingernails.

'You're such a good boy for me Will. Do you want to cum?' simply asked Hannibal.

Will's prick leaked with precum, dribbling onto Hannibal's firm grip which was unrelenting. Will anchored himself harder and deeper onto the hard pole, hitting all the right spots. Every time his prostate was brushed inside, he shuddered, his mind blank.

'God yes, I'm close...fuck...so deep...I'm gonna...urgh… I-'

All of sudden, the friction disappeared and his shoulders retained by a strong grapple, preventing anymore movement.

'Why did you stop? I'm close...Hannibal'

He was puzzled as to why, he grew anxious. His orgasm had been ripped from him, but he could still feel the cock moving around with leisure.

'Beg me for it. Tell me what you want and I will give it to you' ordered Hannibal seriously with a straight face.

'You gotta be joking...Come on Hannibal…I can't do...that...Please' Hannibal banged him heavily, patient enough to wait for Will's pleas. He smirked in challenge.

Will frowned unhappily.

‘You can do better than that...Show me how you beg so beautifully. Let me hear you beg, that is all I ask. In return, I shall give you what you desire. Tell.me’

Will sighed, plying to this demand. To his defense, he hadn’t been touched in ever and his thinking ability was very confined, therefore, his decisions were impaired.

Giving complete leverage to his psychiatrist was something he normally wouldn’t have done so fast. Will mumbled against his clavicle, but he couldn’t hear well.

‘Speak up, is there something you need?’ teased Hannibal, his organ brushing like a feathered stroke the profiler’s sensitive bundle of nerves.

Will grunted, and spoke louder.

‘Please...I-I need to...to cum...Fuck...damn this is torture…’ pleaded Will, dislodging his upper body from the stabilizing grip holding him down on the strong cock.

‘Watch your language, my dear boy’ warned the other, disliking the rudes.

‘So...rry… Just have me, that’s what you want to hear, right? So, pleaase, yesss. I need you Hannibal, please. I want you deep inside. Make me cum...I need it. Please, god, just take me...Ah! Hmmm..Like that!’

A wicked smirk painted itself on that cold facial structure. Those rough hips picked up the pace, hard and fast. The body on top riding him like a pro, bouncing off of the very fit killer. He could feel the younger man’s ballsack tighten and his body spasms.

Will would cum as promised, and Hannibal always kept his promises.

It didn't take long for both of them to cum.

'Oh...Ah..Ah! Yes..fuck… so good..I-I'm...Hanni….bal, I'm cum..ming! God,hmmm!' yelled Will as he rode the waves of his orgasm. Shaking with pleasure.

Ropes of cum squirted from Will's shaft coating Hannibal's shirt with Will's essence.

The criminal soon followed after Will's body milked him dry, his semen filling that hole as some of it dribbled down the empath's tanned thighs in a sticky mess and on the white sheets.

Both were exhausted. Will's heart was hammering like crazy. Letting his high drop, the severity of the action finally crashing down on him.

Oh! God….What have I done? Lost in the moment, he hadn't thought of the consequences. *Dammit!*

Millions of question rushed through his brain. Was this only a one time thing? Did Lecter planned all this? Was this massage therapy even legit; had Hannibal lied about this just so he could poke his ass with his stick? Hannibal was so collected and he was a wreck.

He just laid there stark naked in the middle of the room, while Hannibal shifted his clothes properly as if nothing had happened. The only evidence of their coupling was Will's sperm crusting over his doctor's dress shirt. Guilt washed over him as well as shame. A part of him wanted this not to be a lie. He hoped this didn't ruined their friendship.

Seeing the Doctor retreat towards the door made his person feel self-conscious. Had Hannibal regretted doing this, even if he had said he arbored feelings for him? He had obviously enjoyed him, if the cum drying on his legs was anything to go by. He also had instigated this, making sure Will was on board and a participant. Will was so confused, even more so since Doctor Lecter's distant body language was sending mixed signals to his brain.

‘I will leave you to your privacy. You can change back into your clothes and leave this... mess to me.’ said Hannibal, glimpsing one last time at his handiwork.

‘O...k…, but-’ He was cut off by Hannibal’s inquisitive voice.

‘How do you feel?’ inquired Hannibal in a very disconnected tone, almost cold to his ears.

‘I...feel...relaxed and at ease. I guess I-I will sleep better?’ Will said not so sure what to answer.

‘It is fantastic to hear then. I suggests this plan of therapy once a week for better results, seeing as the byproduct of this session were very conclusive’

Say what? Did I just imagine everything?

‘Uhmm yes?...Is that what..this was?’ The criminal profiler responded, eyes wide, his brow furrowed in disbelief. It went unanswered, ignored as his friend went to leave him to his thoughts.

‘I will expect you at our usual hour to pursue your new treatment. I’ll leave you to it then. Once you are done, please join me for dinner, it would be my pleasure to have you at my table’

And with that, heavy graceful steps echoed far away from where he was, leaving him baffled and without words.

Staring at the painting framed above where he had laid previously, he wondered as he dressed himself.

What the fuck just happened?

The end

Chapter End Notes

Hope this ending was satisfying! Thanks for the 1000 hits and more! I love you guys so much!

End Notes

Ouhh this was fun to think about and write. I love build ups before getting to the sexy parts hehehe. ENJOY! tell me how you guys like it! Comments are welcomed, feedback always helps thanks :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!